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working in collaboration. Last year's problem, "A Hall of Fame for the United States of America," called for a monumental building to accommodate busts and tablets, a mural decoration covering 8,000 square feet, and a colossal statue of "Fame." The amount of helpful discussion before tangible results were reached may easily be imagined.

In the School of Fine Arts three prizes of one thousand dollars a year for three years, one in architecture, one in painting and one in sculpture, are awarded annually by competition. The successful candidates are drawn from institutions broadly representative of American art; Denver, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and Boston being at present represented. The ages of the men vary from twenty to thirty-five. When they reach Rome they are supplied with furnished rooms and heated studios free of charge, and meals at cost—in fact, every possible thing is done to put these young artists in a position to study art for art's sake. Aside from the work in their studios, they are required to do a certain amount of traveling (although it must be said that it has never been found necessary to urge them to take advantage of their opportunities to see the wonders of Italy, Sicily, Greece and other countries). Finally, at the end of their term, their works of art are sent back to America and exhibited in various

cities, and the young men are helped to find work through the assistance of the alumni association. Thus they are launched, as well as the academy can do it, upon the stormy but alluring seas of American art.

Americans have hitherto depended chiefly upon France for instruction in art, and they still have much to learn from her example. The debt of America to France is and will be always a great one; but American schools now stand firmly on their own feet, and the United States realizes that the time has come to give to its students opportunities equal to those enjoyed by the French students to study the fundamental principles of art where best exemplified. There, upon the top of the highest hill in Rome, with the whole imperial city spread out at their feet, with beautiful grounds, excellent studios, attractive living quarters, a small sympathetic, congenial lot of men on intimate relations with the students of the French Academy—well, can one think of anything more inspiring for young artists? The names, famous in art, of those who have won the "*Grand Prix de Rome*" are ample evidence of the value of the French Academy; and there is, in the nature of things, no reason why, with like opportunities, equally famous names should not be found in years to come among the winners of the American Academy's prize of Rome.

## A COLLECTION OF MODERN GRAPHIC ART

BY DUNCAN PHILLIPS

IT is a real pleasure to meet a collection of pictures that expresses its owner's personal taste and his sense of the kinship and the friendship of things. On principle, to collect works of art is good, to collect only what one particularly likes is better, and to collect only such works as mingle agreeably together is to make the best kind of a collection. Obviously it is to extend that principle of relating parts to the whole which has been your true collector's criterion of

worth in his purchase of each separate work.

Mr. A. E. Gallatin's drawings and prints exhibited at the galleries of Gimpel & Wildenstein, December sixth to twentieth, for the benefit of the Junior League, gave the immediate impression of being well met and thoroughly congenial, like a happily chosen company of people. In such a "milieu" it is always best to forget one's possible preference for another set of tastes or ideas

and adapt oneself to the environment. Sometimes, in the presence of an aggressive and anarchistic collection of pictures, my spirit has taken fright and I have beaten a hasty retreat. Mr. Gallatin's drawings are not at all overbearing. They are in fact very easy to get along with, although perhaps a little difficult to appreciate on sight. One must be well versed in the subtleties of pictorial art to really understand the "nuances" of Whistler. It was all a question of quintessences with this exquisite trifle. His slighter compositions are like sly smiles between friends, they convey reminders or suggestions.

The water-color entitled "Symphony in Gray" has precisely this familiarity of manner and this reserve of speech. It is the essential Whistler, with its Japanese delicacies of line and tint, and its vaporous luxuries of atmosphere. There were six other Whistler morsels in the room, in pastel, pencil, etching, lithograph, lithotint, and chalk, but the water-color quite dominated them all. Of the two portraits of the debonair James, a large, handsome charcoal by John W. Alexander, and a woodcut by William Nicholson, I preferred the latter. It treated the artist as he always treated himself—flippantly.

Everett Shinn is so brilliant a technician and so original a draftsman that we wonder why he goes out of his way to be a second-hand Degas. The little

street scene called "A Matinée Crowd," although done in pastel, has the grim strength of its subject, a swirling blizzard blinding horses and men, confusing pedestrians, blocking traffic, sweeping with fury across the tall buildings. A moment's impression has been vividly remembered and the drawing and coloring are so full of the storm that we might forget their inherent qualities as color and line. Of course there are examples of the French draftsman. "Le Café" by Forain is unerring in its sardonic observation and trenchant stroke. Steinlen's pastel "*Baiser Maternelle*" is an engaging bit.

Although it is impossible to refer to all the interesting pictures one cannot omit reference to the novelty of etchings by Manet, Rodin, and Mary Cassatt, and lithographs by Puvis and Fantin. The Max Beerbohm caricature of Lord Chesterfield conserving the family traditions reproduced awhile ago in ART AND PROGRESS is one of the irresistible things. It is pleasant also to find Maxfield Parrish in this company. What a fine flavor always! But if I were to slip one picture under my overcoat (E. V. Lucas gave me the notion) I think it would be the etching—no, not that laughing girl by Zorn for all its wonderful sunlight, but a little "Norman Village" scene by D. Y. Cameron. The air is so clear and the shadows so rich and the etcher so fond of Normandy.

## ALBERT HERTER

BY CHARLES DE KAY

AMONG the younger members of the great fraternity of artists with headquarters in New York, none has a better right than Albert Herter to be awarded a leading rôle in his profession. None among them, through inheritance and training, has met with better opportunities for an artistic career; none has been prompter to take advantage of his chances and widen the scope of his work

by taking up various separate though allied lines of art endeavor.

His father, Christian Herter, was a decorator on a grand scale whose ambition to make a name as a painter of easel pictures was cruelly deceived by an early death. Albert showed his own bent while still a schoolboy, having undertaken in secret to cover a large canvas with the many figures of a compli-